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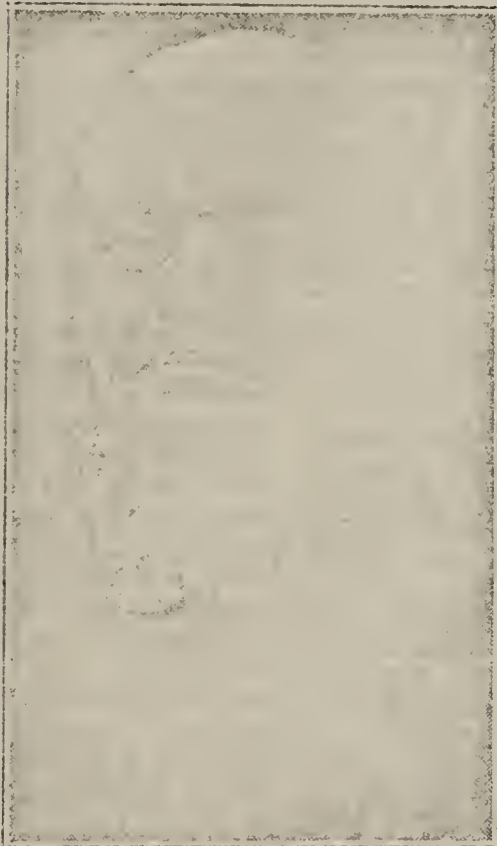
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MRS. W. HESS

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Phebe Ann Rockhill
1838 - 1932

THE LIFE OF PHEBE ANN ROCKHILL

By Mrs. William Hess

It was in Etna Green and Kosciusko County of Indiana. The school bell had rung its message of freedom. A couple hundred children were charging down the street eager to reach their homes or destinations of play. Large and small alike were shouting, running, happy in companionship, untroubled by responsibility.

Phebe Ann, now more better known as Grandmother Rockhill, a winsome, white-haired woman, with keen, alert eyes, sat in her house overlooking this street, possessed now by the school children. She smiled. It was a familiar scene to her and one that aroused many thoughts in her mind. In late October, when the leaves lay thick on the ground to be stirred to rustles and murmurs by the hurrying feet of these youngsters, her meditations went deepest.

Held carelessly in the arms of the boys and girls, were school books. Here and there would be a history book, she felt certain. Some of these would tell of events that had happened during the last twenty-five, fifty, seventy-five, yes ninety-four years. Years, she had lived, everyone in this little neighborhood, developed from an unbroken forest to its present state of activity, through a century of effort.

Her meditations were of the struggle it had taken to bring civilization to this virgin land of a hundred years ago. And she wondered what had been recorded. Her own father, James Woodden, and Andrew Sells, a friend, both in the prime of their youth, were the very first to stake their claims in this territory back in 1834; yet, she doubted if history would mention their names. Each territory had had its pioneers, but not all had had historians.

She did not feel herself to be important—but she remembered of her parents telling of the interest their Indian neighbors had taken in her, the first white "papoose" they had ever seen.

Outside of her own family circle, her earliest recollections of play-

mates and neighbors centered around the Indians. They often paid their calls at her home. An Indian mother would bring her little ones and her papoose would be strapped to a board and carried on her back. The board sufficed as a bed or cradle for the Indian baby.

It was a few of these reminiscences that started her to reconstruct from her memory and from the stories her parents had told her, the history of this little territory's pioneers. "Perhaps if I can tell it accurately someone yet will write the facts on paper and preserve them for these boys and girls—if sometime they should wish to know of their town and county's beginning."

Phebe Ann, the oldest remaining of these first pioneers, told her story clearly and simply; using her last strength for the task. She was happy in the thought that her unusual life story, was to be preserved. When she gave her last interview, another was planned to be on her 94th birthday, a little more than a month later. During her illness that followed she often mentioned this and looked forward with desire for the privilege to meet the appointment. She passed away the morning of this 94th birthday, March 9th, 1932. The last page had been written in her book of life. We know that she was glad to have accomplished a last service for those of her community left behind:

"My grandparents, the Wooddens and Swerers, left their respective homes in Virginia and New Jersey in 1816 to add their efforts to those of other brave families in the settlement of the West. The Wooddens founded their first pioneer home in Darke County, Ohio, while the Swerers located in Preble County. Both homes were built on what was then the Western line of civilization.

In 1826, at the age of 21, James, a son of the Woodden family, met and wedded Catherine, a daughter of the Swerer family. They were married March 2nd, 1826 and crossed the

Ohio boundary line into Wayne County, Indiana, to establish their first home. These pioneers of the second generation were my parents.

"My father worked in this first Indiana home at his trade of making hats, for three years. Then he returned to Preble County, Ohio, bought a farm and cultivated it until 1834. He and my mother at this time had three children—Levi C., Mary Jane and Agnes."

"In the meantime, developments in the young state of Indiana, so closely scrutinized by those on the border line had strengthened my father's desires to press forward and pledge his faith in its possibilities. In 1827 the Erie Canal opened up an outlet for the produce of the West. The National road was commenced stimulating emigration. And the growth of the state promised to be rapid."

"Hence, in 1834, my father and three other men began a journey in a covered wagon drawn by horses principally through Indian trails that were to lead them to what is now known as Kosciusko County, then an appendage of Elkhart County. It was a trip of 150 miles. My father and one of the men—Andrew Sells—were satisfied with the prospects as they found them and each staked their claims for entering 200 acres of land in sections 18 and 19. Other men of their party decided to look further and moved on farther to different territory. No white man had ever inhabited these regions, but they found a small settlement of Pottawatomie Indians, crudely civilized, a little to the Northeast of their claims. The land was thickly timbered and roamed alike by Indians, wild animals and fowl. Numerous lakes and a stream of fresh water enticed them to slake their thirst or cool their bodies."

"Both my father and Mr. Sells selected sites near the clear running water on which to build homes for their families. Together they felled the trees and cleared the ground for their huts which they built of poles. These were one-room structures with puncheon floor, bark thatched roofs, one window and a fireplace. After completing these preparations, the men returned to Ohio, loaded their families, belongings, stock and food supplies into their covered wagons and began their return trip. It was a hard week's journey. The roads were only a little more than a blazed

trail, corduroy made possible the travel through swamps. No bridges to span the streams, the horses must ford and thus draw through their burdens. At last their journey through, they sighted their crude homes, the first to be built by white settlers in the township, to which my father later named 'Harrison'."

"Immigration progressed but slowly. In two years only eight white families were known to live in the township. They were Thomas Romine, Daniel and John Underhill, Thomas Reed, Joseph Snively, William Blue, Isham Summy and Christian Sarber with their families."

"The first birth in the scattered colony was a daughter born to Mr. and Mrs. Sells. Her life was of short duration and when the little one was buried on their own land, Andrew Sells consecrated that section of his farm for a burial ground. The plot is now known as Harrison Center Cemetery."

Birth and death had come to the little settlement.

CHAPTER II

"I arrived March 9, 1838, the second white child born in the territory to be known as Harrison Township. I was the first born after its organization, which was the preceding day, March 8, 1838. It was given its name 'Harrison,' by my father, an admirer of William H. Harrison, who had served as territorial governor of Indiana for ten years; had held command of the army on the Northwestern frontier; and in 1811, in the hard fought battle of the Tippecanoe, had fought and defeated the Indians under the command of Tecumseh; and two years after my birth, was elected ninth president of the United States. I still retain a vivid memory of later hearing the cannon shots when my father, with others, went to the Tippecanoe-Indian battle ground to celebrate in honor of Harrison's election."

"My father was skilled as a carpenter and early replaced our pole hut with a two-story log cabin. The second story of which was a windowless room that was reached by ladder. It was used for storage purposes and a sleeping room for us children. The first floor was all one room. The furnishings were a corner cupboard, three beds, a trundle-bed,

spinning wheel, a bench table, stools and chairs, mostly the handicraft of my father. An important part of the log cabin was its great fireplace around which the family council gathered and in which my mother cooked. Here great logs were burned. Kettles hung over them on great cranes and hooks, while long handled covered kettles or spiders were thrust into the hot ashes for baking things that were not put into the big slow oven outside.

"It was a memorable night sometime after my third birthday, when I was taken from my trundle-bed and put to sleep in the upper loft with the older children. In the morning my father carried me down the ladder in his arms and showed me a new baby beside my mother. It was my little brother Robert, who had arrived in the night.

Dr. Lee, a physician located seven miles away, had made the trip to our home on horseback during the night and was sitting at the breakfast table when I was brought down. I was very curious and remember asking him many questions until my father finally told me if I did not cease, he would send me back to the old hollow stump where he found me. The threat sufficed and I remained quiet.

Eight years after my parents had established their new home, they found their comforts much increased. More white immigrants had arrived and some near relatives were living on adjoining homesteads. The creek running by our home got its name "Trimble," by which it is still known, from my uncle, Elihu Trimble. Uncle Elihu and his family were now numbered with the community's population.

A log school house had been erected two and a half miles to our southeast, a similar one which also sufficed for church services was seven miles to the northeast. More farm buildings had been built and the entire settlement seemed much developed.

Trading posts were still far away. Logansport and Goshen, being the nearest to us. These were visited by my father at intervals of three and four months.

In preparation for these trips, father would rebuild his covered wagon by attaching to the wagon, the bows and heavy covering which

had been carefully removed and laid aside for travel, only.

Provisions of food supply, for man and horses, must be taken along.

Our kegs of butter, eggs, hides and fur, were taken to market to exchange for bags of green coffee, tea, and any of the other commodities which our homestead did not produce.

As a child I eagerly looked forward for father's return home, with the assurance of a treat in store for me and my brothers and sisters. Our hearts were sure to be gladdened by his gifts to us of either red apples, golden oranges or striped sticks of candy.

Personal independence, was the foundation of our home. So nearly isolated as we were from contact with others, we did not expect or require much help. We each learned to press on and develop resources about us.

My parents were stalwart and strong. Father stood six feet three inches in his stocking feet and was well adapted to undergo the privations of pioneer life. I often think that I detect my mother's disposition and physique, reflected in my daughter, Rose.

Bit by bit, father cut his way through the forest, nibbling out fields and planting them to grain. He fenced in for family use, a large garden plot and cleared six acres from heavy timbered land and planted it to orchard.

In winter father and Brother Levi would hunt and trap. Thus keeping the table supplied with an abundance of wild game. The surplus, was prepared and placed in storage for future use by hanging it up to freeze, attached to an iron hook suspended from the milk-house ceiling. Mother reached this by ascending a ladder and brought it down as we needed it.

Our domestic herds were also a fruitful supply for our meat, lard and tallow. Lard and tallow were quite essential, as our early means of house lighting.

Our first lights were produced from the grease lamps, followed successively by the dipped candles and next the molded candles. My mother never knew the luxury of kerosene light.

To do our sweeping, we used splint brooms made from hickory poles.

whittled back and tied to make the brushy end.

The soap we used was all made at home, boiled and manufactured in large iron kettles just outside our door. The laundrying of our clothing was accomplished entirely by the hands. We did not know the convenience of a washboard. I hardly think washboards had been invented.

The maples of our forest produced our sugar and syrup.

We kept many stands of bees and had plenty of honey. On one occasion, my parents had attended a two-day camp meeting a few miles from home. When they returned, six swarms of bees were out. Our herd of cattle and an angry bull were near, too. They had been stung and were making a great commotion. It cost a great effort on the part of my parents to hive the bees and restore order out of chaos.

The boots and shoes we wore during our early frontier life were made from the hides tanned and cured on our place. An itinerant boot and shoe cobbler stopped at the community homes and would stay for a week or more at the different homes until the feet were all shod—by the handicraft of his trade.

Our sheep furnished us in wool. We raised our flax. From these we spun and wove our cloth for the family clothing and household needs, including towels, tablespreads, sheets and blankets. We also knit our stockings, mittens and shawls.

Our sewing was all done by hand. The first sewing machine not being invented until 1841. This invention coming about in Massachusetts, through the efforts of Elias Howe. However, as time advanced, and after my marriage, we purchased a "Howe" sewing machine, which was the first in our neighborhood and it attracted much curiosity.

Our supply of milk, butter and eggs was always plentiful. We had a herd of twenty or more cows and I was taught to help with the milking while very small. Some of the older members of the family would carry my pails of milk when I had finished. Great kegs of butter were churned and packed away for months waiting for a trip to the Logansport market. Andrew Sells was a cooper by trade and made our kegs.

In our garden, aside from the vegetables, we grew many medicinal

herbs for home remedies to combat with the difficulties we encountered in getting a doctor when sickness entered our home.

Fresh berries from the woods in season and dried berries in the winter supplemented our diet. We had not learned the art of canning fruit or vegetables in those early days.

The wheat fields were mowed by cradle, then hauled to the barn floor to be threshed by flaying and the tramping of horses' hoofs. There was sure to be a considerable amount of waste in this procedure. When my parents wished this wheat ground into flour, it meant a three-day round trip to a water mill in Goshen. The first mill in our township was built in 1838, the year that I was born. It was erected by Isham Summy on the banks of Trimble Creek. It was both a grist and a saw mill and received its motive power from that stream. While its facilities for grinding were limited, it proved a great convenience to the settlers. Fish were very plentiful in the streams, and often when there came a swift current, the fish would come down in large numbers and so entangle themselves into the machinery that they would stop the mill. The people round about would gather them in for food.

From the beginning, my father had been accumulating and increasing his live stock. He owned oxen, fancy horses, herds of cattle, hogs, sheep and domestic fowl. From our geese we plucked their feathers and made our feather beds and pillows.

Father, as other community stockholders, had only a few fenced inclosures. Their animals wandered away and roamed together. This made it necessary for their owners to use a personal brand for their stock, in order to be able to claim their own.

The Indians had told father that a "white man" lived to their west and on the north banks of the Tippecanoe. One day, when father was wandering along the stream to round up some of his straying stock, he came in contact with the "White Man," on a like mission. It was a pleasant and surprising meeting. The "White Man" was none other than Hardin Buckman, my uncle, the husband of my mother's sister. Neither father nor Uncle Hardin had known of their nearness in location. A

happy reunion of families followed.

Uncle Hardin, though prosperous here, longed to see the possibilities in the far west. In the late 60's he planned and made the venture. He sold his lands. Next, his other possessions at public sale. The sale lasted two days. They prepared great quantities of food for the occasion and cared for the hungry who attended.

To make their trip in the safest manner then offered for travel, the Buckman family traveled by rail to the eastern coast, took ship and sailed south around Cape Horn, thence north to the coast of Oregon, where they stopped and again established a home which is yet occupied by their posterity.

Hardin Buckman's land possessions extended across the county line from Etna Township, into Marshall County. Many home owners of today will find a description on their land titles showing that their homes were carved from "Buckman's Edition."

Back to our early home. Very little attention was given to the housing and feeding of live stock. By an oak growth, we called the "Barrens" and back of our cabin, marsh hay was hauled from the farm and stacked about a bower of oaks to form the only shelter provided for the stock. As a child it was often my duty to drive the oxen to and from the marsh with these loads of hay.

Hogs fed largely in the woods on the abundance of beechnuts and acorns.

The forests would have been of more value for the domestic stock, but for their enemies in wild life, with which the forests were teeming.

CHAPTER III

"With the coming of my parents and their colony to Harrison Township, began the transformation from Indian habitation to the White Man's domicile. Deciding battles had been fought and won. Treaties signed and ratified.

The most important treaty of consequence to our county settlers, was signed between United States Commissioners and chiefs of the Pottawatomies on the Tippecanoe River, October 27 1832. Ratified by the President and senate, January 21, 1833. This news reached here, about the last of February, 1833, and was

the signal for immediate occupation of the land.

While the Indians of necessity had consented to the cession of the greater portion of their inheritance, they still occupied small tracts reserved as homes for their several tribes.

The Pottawatomies had been greatly reduced in numbers; the few remaining were to our northeast on the banks of the Tippecanoe. Mota, was their chief.

On December 17, 1834, Mota, with seventeen of his tribe, concluded a special treaty with the United States, by which, for a certain consideration, he ceded his inheritance to the Government, and agreed to remove all of his tribe west of the Mississippi River, by October 27, 1835. However, the time limit was not enforced for some years later. Some of the Indian children were still in school after I became of school age.

Our Indian neighbors watched us and wondered at our ways. The little tribe by us, varied in numbers from time to time, owing to their nomadic wanderings. They had but few possessions. Their Indian houses or wigwams, were, at best, but poor smoky cells. They were constructed somewhat like arbors, of small young trees, bent and twisted together; curiously covered with mats or barks and wrapped about with the hides and fur of the animals they had slain. They made their fire in the center of their wigwam. There was an opening at the top which emitted the smoke.

They lived in a poor, low manner: their food was coarse, simple and devoid of seasoning. They subsisted mostly from the game they hunted, fish and a blue variety of Indian maize which they raised. In the spring time, they planted without more cultivation than was done by using a crude wooden hoe of their own making. They dug and planted their hills of corn irregularly and promiscuously about their soil.

When ripe and used as food, they put it into wooden bowls and mortared it into coarse meal; then it was boiled in iron kettles hung over fires outside their wigwams and thus it became a crude porridge.

They also made quantities of their corn into hominy. This, they boiled in lye water, washed it by putting the cooked corn into bags, tied them to stakes in Trimble Creek and left

the stream's current to finish the washing.

Their household furniture was of small value. Their best bed was a mat or skin, they had neither chair nor stool. Their custom was to sit on the ground or on blocks of wood.

When pleased, nothing could exceed the courtesy and friendship of the Indian.

From the maple trees, in season, both the Indian and white settlers gathered the sap, boiling it into syrup, wax and sugar. There was a sharp contrast in the manner of cleanliness as handled by the two races.

The red skins were eager to share their sweets with me, while brother Levi, and my sisters forbade my partaking of them. Cunningly, the Indian would attract my attention, deposit the wax on a rail where I might see it and dart away.

They seemed to take a special interest in me, because I was the first white child they had ever seen, and used to beg my parents to let me visit their camp. Levi opposed the proposition. But once when he was away, father and mother consented and allowed a Brave to take me for the day, with the promise to return me before evening. It was long after dark, however, before I was brought back. In the meantime, Levi returned home and was frantically frightened at my absence. His fear alarmed my parents and all were arming themselves to go after me, when a chief appeared carrying me home. He expressed himself grateful for the companionship of the little white girl during the day.

It was a custom of the tribes to visit Logansport or Goshen twice a year to collect pay for their lands.

They collected their pay, largely in merchandise, goods, prepared to suit the Indian's wants and needs, and at a price so stipulated as to be the first cost of the products.

They would bring back, with them, quantities of gay colored cloth and trinkets. We often exchanged with them, the products of our farm for their bright cloth to make us pretty clothes.

They considered our wheat products and eggs a great luxury. They were greedy after white bread and bartered anxiously for mother's large loaves, which she raised and baked on cabbage leaves in the big slow oven, outside.

Father learned to understand and speak the language of the Indians and was thus able to trade with them for their furs. His influence was so great among them that when disputes arose among themselves, he frequently was called in as arbiter and his decision accepted as final.

He trusted them too. One cold, wintry night, the family left me alone and asleep in bed, while in a sled, they drove seven miles to attend revival services. While gone, some Indian hunters stopped at our cabin, to warm themselves. They piled logs on the fire and flung their bloody game consisting of four wild turkeys, upon the hearth, while warming. They were gone when the family returned, but the light of the fire disclosed the blood stains upon the hearth. My parents' first thought was, that I had been murdered. Mother screamed; her scream awakened me in fright. I sat up in my trundle bed and screamed back, which reassured them of my safety.

Once, when father was away from home with land speculators, we were affrighted by the visit of an Indian from some other tribe. He was pursued by a sheriff and a posse of white men. He came on horseback, tied his horse to our fence, rushed inside, heavily belted, displaying bowie knives and guns. He demanded, "white woman, something to eat." Mother generously, laid food before him, which he did not stop to eat, but hurriedly scooped it up and left taking all with him. His pursuers, revealed that his crime for which he was hunted was murder in an Indian colony at Huntington.

Our Indian neighbors were simple-minded and superstitious. They possessed a religion and believed in a heaven. It was not unusual for them, when an infant died, to inclose it in a bark basket and hoist it to the topmost branches of tall trees. Their idea was to get the child closer to heaven.

The Pottawatomies believed in a future state, a removal from the present state, to one more happy, with similar appetites and enjoyments; yet lingering around the familiar scenes of earth.

Father told us of being present when an Indian squaw placed gold and baked pancakes, in her dead chief's coffin when he was prepared

for burial. These luxuries, she thought, would help him along in his next state of existence.

Before the country about our settlement was altered by drains and ditches there was a small lake with an island near the Indian camp. This island was used by the Indians for a burying ground. Father made coffins and being a Methodist exhorter as well, was often called to help them with their burials. One time when he took me with him for a burial, we stood about the grave with the strong men who were lowering the coffin into the ground, the soft earth broke loose. As the opening caved in, a scramble was made to keep others out of the grave. Father rescued me screaming and carried me to safety. That was my last witnessing of an Indian burial.

The Indian was uneducated and never spelled his own name. Thus, few records were kept and many of them dropped out of sight to be forgotten forever.

In spelling names of chiefs, the universal custom, as adhered to by the whites, was adopted. The spelling of his name was at the mercy of the "Whites."

"Monoquet," was a chief of an Indian tribe located in the central portion of Kosciusko County, on the Tippecanoe, some six miles to the northeast of our neighbors. The chief always accented his name on the first syllable, while the "Whites" always accented the second syllable. "Moncquet" lived in the Indian village which bore his name, died at the age of sixty years, in 1836.

It is authentically told of him: According to Indian custom, in the interment of chiefs, he was buried in a sitting posture, with his pony and implements of war; about a half mile from his village on the south banks of the Tippecanoe. His grave could be seen, surrounded by poles, for many years after.

Even the English words are altered in spelling as the centuries advance. My name was recorded "Phebe Ann." in our family Bible ninety-four years ago. I still keep the family treasure and it is in good preservation. Today, I am admonished to be more modern and insert the "o" into "Phebe," but I prefer the spelling, as first recorded by my parents.

By widening the period of time to

three centuries, note in the copy of an Indian deed that follows, the changes since 1642, in a specimen given to the original proprietors of Haverhill, Massachusetts:

"Know all men by these presents, that wee, Passaquo and Sagga Hew with the consent of Passaconnaway: have sold unto the inhabitants of Pentuckett all the lands wee have in Pentuckett; that is, eyght myles in length from the litle Rivver in Pentuckett Westward; six myles in length from the aforesaid Rivver northward; and six myles in length from the foresaid Rivver Eastward, with the Ileand and the Rivver that the Ileand stand in, as far in length as the land lyes by as formerly expressed; that is, fourteene myles in length; and wee, the said Passaquo and Sagga Hew with the consent of Passaconnaway have sold unto the said inhabitants all the right that wee or any of us have in the said ground and Ileand whatsoever, unto the said Inhabitants of Pentuckett, and to their heirs and assignes forever Dated the fifteenth day of november Ann Dom 1642.

Witnes our hands and seales to this bargayne of sale the day and year above written (in the presents of us,) wee the said Passaquo and Sagga Hew have received in hand, for & in consideration of the same three pounds & ten shillings."

The foregoing illustrates the value which early pioneers themselves placed upon the lands which they purchased from the Indians.

When the white man's pressure assured the Indians that they must forfeit their homes as per agreement to the "White" man to avoid moving their tribes west of the Mississippi, the Indians broke camp once in the night and left for Michigan, which was then safe for their occupation. Our Indian neighbors were gone for all time.

Alas, the poor Indian had but too deeply felt his power and the power of his brethren. What would the Indian with his natural sense of right and wrong think of the white man and his tricks.

They had conjectured away his pleasant haunts, his silver streams teeming with life, his beautiful lakes and fair hunting grounds and left him little more than a string of beads, a bottle of fire-water, a bruised heart and a broken spirit.

CHAPTER IV

"One of the earliest needs of my parents in this new country, one hundred years ago, was for some outside communication with other parts of the world.

The widened Indian trail that passed our home, was in line with the horse and saddle mail route, then established between Fort Wayne and Logansport.

The carrier traveled on horseback and carried his letters in his saddlebags. Very few newspapers were in existence to cause heavy, surplus mail.

Father early succeeded in receiving an appointment as postmaster for the new settlement and our cabin housed the first postoffice. However, in the early part of Van Buren's administration, Isham Summy, received the appointment and removed the office to the present site of Palestine. The same year, Daniel Underhill established a small general store, nearby, in his log cabin.

The postoffice and a general store proved a great boon for the locality. Traders came from far around to gather news and do business.

Mail was not delivered oftener than once or twice a month at first. Neither stamps nor envelopes were used. The carrier was paid five or ten cents per piece of mail. Letters were written on but one side of the paper, the blank side was folded out to bear the address. Daubs of melted sealing wax completed the letters' seal.

The incoming and outgoing of the bags of mail, marked an epoch of much importance to the neighborhood.

One of my outstanding memories of the time is of when we were brought a letter, heavily edged in black. Father had been expecting a letter from his parents and this announced his father's death and brought depression to our home.

Palestine was growing and becoming a much talked of place. Its lots were laid out in 1837, by Isham Summy. He built its first mill in 1838, and entertained early dreams of future greatness and prosperity for the place.

In the speculation as to where towns were to thrive, locations were picked out with respect to mill sites, which depended on the water power and the few roads which were

then merely widened Indian trails, following closely along the Tippecanoe. The river, launched with the slender canoe, furnished excellent aid for transportation.

A village, named Charlottsville, long ago forgotten, was budding on the north of our home, likewise Palestine, to our south, both starting around the year of my birth. Charlottsville, on the south banks of the Tippecanoe was laid out by Jacob Baker in 1837, for Joseph Robinson and Prescott Ames. It had 92 lots 4x8 rods, woven against a network of streets and alleys. A brilliant future was expected for this place, which was thought would be the head of navigation on the Tippecanoe River. The proprietor reserved two lots (92x93) along the river for wharves and ware houses. An extensive trade by flat boat was expected to be carried on with Logansport.

Talks and rumors of a steam railroad coming through from Fort Wayne did a great deal to discourage the growth of these villages, also, of several other towns whose sites had been chosen in respect to river navigation.

The hardy, honest pioneer was dotting the country by location. Each sturdy in his ambition to build for future posterity. Everything was changing. All about us was in embryo.

Turkey Creek Township, an appendage of Elkhart County, when my parents settled here with the Aborigines, was now cut off from Elkhart County, a new boundary line was established for it, Feb. 7, 1835; and with this act, "Kosciusko," a new county was born. To Hon. John B. Chapman, an original proprietor at the present site of Warsaw, was given the honor of naming the county. Mr. Chapman was an admirer of Thadeus Kosciusko, a young Polish Noble, who not long before had distinguished himself through his personal friendship with Washington and Jefferson by fighting courageously for American Independence. Mr. Chapman named the county for this Polish Noble and later gave the name "Warsaw," to the county-seat, after Warsaw, the metropolis of Poland.

Originally, Kosciusko County, was divided into three townships—Turkey Creek, Plain and Wayne. From these were carved the seventeen townships

of today. Our township, Harrison, was carved from Wayne Township. After later readjustments for township dimensions, a strip of one and a half miles on its east boundary was ceded back to Wayne Township.

The first election ever held in Harrison Township was held in our cabin.

Father was alert and active in the organization of both county and township and always gladly gave of his time and energy, to promote their best interests.

Politically, father was a Whig. He cast his vote in the first Kosciusko County election ever held, and this was at Leesburg, April 4, 1836. The poll book for the county, then registered only 219 voters. He was in the conflict when the struggle was on to make Warsaw, the county-seat.

Leesburg was the parent settlement of the county and one of the oldest towns in Northern Indiana. Therefore, there were those who favored Leesburg to become the seat of justice for the county. Some wealthy land owners laid out Oswego on the banks of Tippecanoe Lake and fought to make Oswego the county-seat. And Monoquet, had a following. It was a long established Indian village, various promotions were in progress there. In 1845, it boasted the first newspaper to be published in the county.

Warsaw, was favored as a more central location, but opposed for its unhealthiness, located as it was in swamps and lakes. Its growth had been slow, and it had been asserted and believed by many that Warsaw could not grow, because few people could live long enough to build a house. But Warsaw won and prospered. It was incorporated with a population of 752, in 1854.

Father was then County Commissioner of the middle district. A county office which he filled for fifteen years. He was also becoming entangled in other of the county's activities. Secret organizations were springing up. In 1851, he became a member of the I. O. O. F. Lodge, No. 62, at Warsaw, and in 1858, joined the Order of Free and Accepted Masons, Warsaw Lodge, No. 73. He was an honored member of both orders until his death in 1868.

He met with a group of promoters in Warsaw, June 2, 1855. Together, they organized the first Kosciusko Agricultural Society. Father was

chosen a vice-president of the organization. In June of the next year, the society met again and planned for the first County Fair, which was held in the early autumn of that year, on the Warsaw Courthouse grounds. The fair was a financial success. After that, father was elected president of the organization. He was always a lover of fancy horses, and through his efforts, a fair ground was purchased in Harrison Township. On this was constructed a one-third mile race track. This proved to be too small; more ground was purchased and a race track of one-half mile proved a greater attraction.

The fair grounds, adjoined our farm lands. All was very interesting for our family. Levi and Robert along with my sisters and myself, assisted father in making displays of our stock and agricultural products. Exhibitors showed interest and skill in the several departments of agriculture and fine arts. And the fairs were well attended.

Throughout those early years, we were witnessing everywhere, vast and interesting changes. More pretentious homes were replacing the log cabins. Originally, log built, public buildings were giving way to frame, brick and stone structures. Highways and bridges had been constructed. Schools, churches and trading posts were moving nearer to us. Townships had organized.

At last the hardy pioneer was reaping a contrasting pleasure since the day he took his ax and gun and wended his way along the bending river, deep into the forests inhabited only by wild beasts and Indians.

CHAPTER V

Ninety-four years ago, the wilderness was in all its pomp and gloomy grandeur. Nature was unspoiled. We saw its vast extent, gigantic trees, its variety of luxuriant underbrush, the long vines, climbing to the tallest branches, brilliant foliage, an exuberance of small fruit, birds, flowers and animal life, with all the savage luxuriance, which first attracted the pioneer.

We witnessed the rapidity of changes succeeding each other. We saw the original state of the country rapidly forced to change its form

and attire, under the influence of increasing population.

In our own section, we saw different species of animal life become extinct. We saw the exit of the Indians.

First years upon a new farm were not exempt from disappointments and disasters.

Wolves roamed the thick woodland. Their barking and howling at night was a familiar sound. They preyed upon unprotected domestic life and the less ferocious animals of the forest.

One time, when they appeared more ambitious than usually, we witnessed from our door, a pack of hungry wolves pursuing a herd of fleeing deer, along Trimble Creek. Mother saw them first and hastily summoned together the children for protection, while we counted eighteen deer in that herd.

The bears were there too. I well remember a black bear that father shot and skinned, he was crouched in the fork of a tree within a stones throw of our house.

Owls and mink fed upon the ducks and chickens that ventured too near their haunts.

At planting time, we children followed the sowers of wheat and corn, to pelt with clods and stones, the wild pigeons, or they would have the seed devoured before it could be covered. After the green blades shot forth, we again battled to steer away the deer, else they would browse it all away.

The axe was plied continually to the root of the tree. Father, from the majestic trees, built our homes, made our furniture, the neighborhood coffins, split the rails to fence the fields, built bridges and corduroy roads. He sold for most nominal sums, timber from the groves of walnut, oak, poplar and other species; eager to convert the space they were occupying into fields for grain. Our fuel was all procured from the forest.

Land was very cheap. By purchase, father, more than doubled his original entry of two hundred acres. On reaching maturity, eighty acres, would be settled upon each child of the family. Buildings were added as the requirements suggested.

Our school privileges, were three month school terms, each year. The first school that I attended was two and a half miles from our home,

located near Palestine. Brother Levi and sister Agnes carried me to and from the school. Billie Hill, was my first teacher. Soon after, a log school building, was built near the present site of Harrison Center, a few rods from the family home. There, I finished my schooling. My studies were, writing, spelling, reading, history and Smith's arithmetic. We sat on backless benches. We learned to write, by following our teachers' copies. Boys and girls wrote from separate sides of the school room. The writing desks were smooth boards laid on pegs which were inserted into holes bored into the walls. On these we laboriously acquired our arts in penmanship.

We enjoyed our play hours wandering to the creek, tossing in pebbles, afraid to wade, as leeches were abundant and ready to make their attacks. A shove by a playful playmate, submerged me once. My water soaked, homespun linsey dress, weighted me down. It was with difficulty, that I was rescued and revived.

One of our favorite games, was to line up several of our number, and jump the rope, made from the long, wild grape vine. We gathered wild flowers and the bright, red berries of the wintergreens. These are my memories of happy school days.

Father, again erected us a new home. We had started in the one-room pole hut, secondly, the two-story log cabin; now, we were elevating to the two-story frame building. It was built to face the north; two rooms below and two above. The ladder-stairway of the cabin was changed to stairs in our new house. A double fireplace opened into both the kitchen and living room. A porch was built along the front and on each of its ends, there was a small bed room with its opening toward the porch. I slept in one of these little rooms and many times waded deep banks of snow going to and from my bed.

Following the discovery of gold 1848, in California, we were accustomed to see long caravans of covered wagons or prairie schooners drawn by oxen or horses, passing our place for western destinations. Our home became a wayside-inn. Beds were strewn about the floors until sometimes they were nearly covered. My parents officiated as

and cruder ones that had supplied our earliest needs. There he purchased and brought home the first stove we had ever seen. It was a square arrangement on which we cooked--our first step for cooking, away from the traditional fireplace. We prized it as our greatest luxury.

In the middle 50's, Mattie, a treasured baby sister, was added to our family group. She grew to womanhood and married Joseph Blickenstaff, of Warsaw. For many years they have been located in Oklahoma City, where both enjoy good health for their years.

When the Ellis Rockhill family moved into Harrison Township and became our neighbors, I caught the first glimpse of my future husband. It happened when Amos and Aaron called to purchase seed corn one morning as we sat at the breakfast table. They were seated on a corner chest while waiting.

Our family and the Rockhills were congenial neighbors. Amos and I were seeing each other often, both attended the District School, and everyone came to the social gatherings that centered about the log school house or some new barn, under process of construction. Roughes opened a barn for public use. In it, we gathered for revival services and temperance lectures.

Liquor was flowing freely about the country. Public gatherings were noted for drunken brawls and bloody fights. Reformers were going about lecturing and reaching out in an effort to overcome the licentiousness of the times.

The school house was the cross-roads meeting house, for exhorting, spelling schools, geography singing, and singing schools. We learned and had implanted into our minds the location of states, capitol and rivers, by singing geography.

At the age of 12, I won the championship for our school, spelling against a challenge we accepted from the Warsaw District School.

Our singing schools must not be forgotten. There were no orchestras, organs, or music of any kind, save the "Master's" tuning fork. The singing was presided over by an ambitious leader, wearing heavy, old-fashioned, highly polished, farmers' boots, that squeaked with every step he took as he paced back and

forth before us--how we did sing--Old and young, came from miles around in buggies, farm wagons, on horseback, afoot, and filled the old house to overflowing with the melody of their harmony, Do, Re, Mi, etc. There was no guess work, we made our voices ring.

Mouth harps, Jew's Harps and knuckle bones, were popular pocket accessories, carried by the younger generation for musical entertaining.

I can recall but one party for young people that I ever attended. It lasted through the day and evening. The young people came in work clothes, we worked through the daylight, the boys were busy cutting wood, husking corn and other odd jobs as were planned. The girls quilted, cut apples and made apple butter. Great tables of luscious food was prepared for us by our hostess. In the evening, we gathered together for merry games. Amos, was there. He was five years my senior. One of the older girls was pleased with him, but came to me, with quiet advice to tell me that I was too young to play in the games with him. Time marched on; Amos became my husband and I lost all trace of my zealous adviser.

After my 13th birthday, 1856, Amos and I were quietly married. The first two years of our wedded life were spent with his parents. From their home, we moved to our own improved 40 acres, joining father's place on the west. We sold this place after a few months' residence, purchasing a farm of 80 acres across the line in Marshall County. Two hundred and fourteen dollars, was the purchase price for the entire farm, on which the former owner had erected a small log cabin. Father Rockhill purchased another 80 for us adjoining the first 80. We pioneered once more. We took with us, three promising children who had been born to us as follows: Awilda, 1857; Harriet, 1858; Flora E., 1860.

Our land was heavily timbered with the virgin growth not yet touched by the axe.

Other sons and daughters of Ellis Rockhill intermarried about them with the families of Plummer, Teegarden, Johnson, Jordan, and Bowman, to become the future citizens of the community. Perhaps

none other of Harrison Township's pioneers, exceed their posterity in number today, as they have multiplied throughout the generations.

CHAPTER VII

Pioneering across the line from Kosciusko County afforded us with the task of clearing away the heavy timber for fields, providing stock shelter, and other home comforts, much the same as had been our experience in Harrison Township. The crude hut, that our predecessor had built, served as our abode, for the period of time required to clear a few acres and erect a more suitable home for our growing family. Logging was the principal industry, while the saw-mills dotted about, were ripping their products into lumber for building.

From the beginning we were blessed with white neighbors, a luxury not afforded my parents when the rush was made nearly a quarter of a century before, to "enter" free land. To our west, were Jephtha Disher and William Plummer. East of us, were located John Towns, Flint Plummer and Robert Ried. To our north and south were Cyrus Brindley, Hardin Buckman, and Amos' five brothers and sisters, who gained entry by purchase, and took homesteads near us.

The neighborhood to our east, extended into Etna Township, the last of the townships of Kosciusko County to be organized. Its central and eastern sections, affected by lakes and creeks, produced wet, boggy lands, that were thought worthless and were unclaimed.

Some early settlements were made around the township about 1843, by Robert Ried, Solomon Klingerman and Charles Rockhill, who soon after, were joined by George Burgh, William Bowman and Abraham Bowman.

The long talked of, steam railroad had been surveyed and was coming directly through the township. It was to connect Chicago and Fort Wayne.

Villages laid out with respect to mill sites or river navigation, were losing interest through the newer influence of railroad advantages.

The railroad was completed from Fort Wayne to Warsaw, in 1854. On the first Monday of November, 1856, the first passenger train was run

over that extent. After a few months, the tracks were connected all along the line, uniting Chicago and Fort Wayne with trains running on scheduled time.

Early surveying of the railroad through the township prompted David Carr and Levi Keeler to lay out the town of Etna Green, in 1853. This is one of the few towns in the county, that has a name entirely of its own, for no where in the United States is there a town with a duplicate name. Tradition has it, that the town was called "Etna Green," in honor of a beautiful lady bearing the name "Etta Green," with a slight change in spelling.

David Carr erected the first mill on the town's site, 1852. The next year, Levi Keeler built and maintained the first store. He also established the first postoffice and received the first appointment as postmaster.

The first township election was in 1853, and resulted in Joel Leffel being elected justice of the peace and Samuel Gay was elected constable.

Through the years that have passed, there are very few industries which tend to build a city which have not been tried in Etna Green. The village has been the home of grist mills, bakeries, furniture and cabinet making, saloons, undertakers, carriage, wagon and harness shops, cooperage, hotels, liverys, tanners, jewelers, milliners, druggists, newspapers, telegraphy, brass bands, lawyers, doctors and fortune tellers, all flourishing businesses in their time, though not one of them is represented in the town of today.

Secret orders of the I. O. O. F., Rebekahs, Maccabees, and the Lady Maccabees, once the social life of the community, have all disbanded.

Etna Township's first school building was erected 1854, and the first school was taught by Miss Stallard. The building was a frame one, standing directly to the southwest corner of Etna Green's incorporation limits.

Amos hauled the lumber to build the first house in Etna Green. The last person who occupied the building, which was finally wrecked about six years ago, was Harve Riggins. Harve repaired shoes therein, for many years. Amos became badly lost on one of his trips with

lumber for the building. The woods on the present site of Etna Green were so thick that he blazed the trees, to guide him through the forest.

Hitching his team near a point now occupied by the Etna High School Building, he wandered through the thicket, for a little, prospecting. It cost him hours of time while attempting to retrace his steps. He succeeded finally, by giving a whistling call; the horses hearing, understood. They answered by a lusty neigh, that guided Amos to them once more.

The railroad to the east was built through lands that belonged to Harvey Hunt and my sister Agnes, then married to Jeremiah Teegarden. In 1857, Mr. Hunt and Agnes, from their lands, laid out the present town of Atwood. The name that they gave it, was "Mount Ruska," which name it retained until December 11, 1865, when by a petition of its citizens, the name was changed to "Atwood."

A rapid development of physical features was in progress, yet broad fields were uncultured and unclaimed.

Political unrest was seething in various parts of the country. The existing slave system was presenting one of the most perplexing barriers to peace. The north was offering hearty sympathy for the freeing of slaves. Many were hiding and aiding those who ventured on a dash for freedom. We were conscious of these circumstances in our very midst. The bomb exploded, the country was in civil war. We witnessed the mobilizing of armies. Regiments of the bravest men were going forth to war. Many never to return. Brother Robert, enlisted with the first call to arms. There were many bitter hours of anguish for us through the years 1861-1865. Notwithstanding, Robert returned home safely at the close of the war. He had seen service in twenty-two battles and skirmishes and twice passed through the throes of typhoid fever.

These years were demoralizing, not enough men were left at home to till the soil. Through the harvest season I combined potato peeling and baby nursing with farm work. I made a farm hand by following Amos and raking the wheat as he cradled it. George Jordan, was a cripple and unable to be a soldier,

but he followed me and bound the wheat.

Years later, in 1877, when the self-binder reaper was a new invention, Amos installed the first one brought to our section. The act alarmed and enraged the harvest hands around so much, that they made dire threats of going out and burning the machine.

April, 1863, our daughter, Rose, was born. Previously, in the same year, our three children were stricken with scarlet fever. Harriet, a bright little girl of seven summers, passed away January 31. Three days later, Alwilda, of five and a half years was taken. The disease was dreaded and feared for its fatalities. No one came in, we found ourselves entirely alone with our dead.

With the modern conveniences, we might have spread the news and found plenty of assistance. Or, had it been two years later, 1865, after the completion of the Christian Church, the first church building built in Etna Green—the bell in its belfry, could have notified its hearers, by tolling out as many taps, as represented the deceased's age in years. That was afterward, the method employed, for more than thirty-five years, to notify the community, when a death occurred in its midst.

But, news traveled slowly, Jephtha Disher, when he got the word of our grief, came to us, unflinchingly, and fervently assisted through the last rites.

Flora rallied from the fever, but was left with trailing effects that settled on her lungs, causing her death at the age of 26.

All of our children were musically inclined. Following the death of the first two, we sought for music to fill the vacancy that had been left in the home. We purchased, for Flora, an Estey organ. It excited much curiosity and brought in many of our friends to see it, for there was not another organ in the country between Plymouth and Warsaw. Flora took lessons and learned to play proficiently. She became the organist for the Sunday Schools, the Crescent Literary Society, then meeting weekly and other public gatherings where organs were used. Church worshipers, then, did not approve of using any musical instrument in church services, least it

might detract from the sincerity of their purpose.

Robert, a fifth child, was born to us, 1865. Again, we enjoyed the pleasure of three children, to play around our door. Thomas Roberts, an orphaned boy was growing up with the children. Later, Benjamin Mittelting, deprived of a father in the war, was added to the family. In 1870, Warren was born. Around that time, another disaster befell us. Our home was destroyed by fire. A portion of the contents were saved. A shed that had been built for use at a nearby saw mill, was offered us for shelter. We lived in it while another house was building. Its roof was leaky. When it rained, we stood by and carried out the water, which we caught in large pans. This oftentimes would cost us a night's vigil.

1872, again brought us our dreaded enemy, scarlet fever. Robert and Warren were both stricken. Robert, slightly past his seven years with us, fell, and took his place in the cemetery beside his sisters gone before.

The science of medicine, with its advanced knowledge today stirs a shudder in comparing the treatment of fever patients of then and now. Then, the patient was never allowed a drop of cold water to cool his burning thirst.

After nursing my children through their illness, I, too, became a victim of fever. My physician guarded me closely denying me water, least it might prove fatal to me. One evening he called. My temperature was very high. He said that I could live but a few hours. The doctor left and I begged Amos to give me cold water for my last comfort. The request was granted at intervals throughout the night. In the morning, the doctor was elated to find me so much improved. Recovery was rapid.

I have enjoyed good health throughout the major portion of my life. And have always been glad to share in the duties of the home. I used to go from the farm to Bourbon or Etna Green to do the family shopping. My memory clings to the days of horseback travel. I rode a cream colored horse with saddle and pillions to carry the children. From a mounting stand I would mount my horse, take on a child and slip my arms through the double handles of a covered, bulgy, black basket and

gallop off to do my trading. Ofttimes the child would come to grief and scream with tears for an irretrievable trinket or piece of candy that would slip through his fingers as we rode along.

Some of the rapid changes that came to us from the eighties and on: Flora and Dr. J. N. Holloway married and became citizens of Etna Green. Their son, Daniel was born. 1892, Amos purchased, of Mrs. Wood, 80 acres adjoining Etna on the south. That became our home. Flora had contracted consumption and died in 1886. Two years later, her husband followed with the same disease. Daniel came to share a home with us. Rose entered the Fort Wayne Methodist College, where she was a student of music. Later, Warren studied in the Fort Wayne Business College. Rose and Robert Lockhart married. A daughter, Ruby, was born to them. Cholera Infantum, claimed her before she reached her second birthday. Warren and Miss Lena Smailes were married. Amos was in failing health. We exchanged the farm home to Warren for their town home and moved again. December 11, 1900, Amos was called in death.

Children born to Warren and Lena, were Vernon, Marie, (she dying at 18) Amos, the twins—Thomas and Mabel.

Amos has three children born to his marriage to Miss Olive Carmean, as follows: Allen and the twins, Ronald and Donald.

Daniel and Miss Ethel Anglin were united in marriage, a daughter, Florence, was born to them. She grew to womanhood and married Denovam Graves, since then she has become the mother of three children, Marylin, William and Frances.

CHAPTER VIII

Grandmother Rockhill's life story is closed. Its pages were sealed on her 94th birthday. The cemetery where she sleeps, was carved from the farmland, where she, with her husband and children enjoyed all the comforts and happiness that made an ideal home. The farm was theirs and has been handed down to their posterity.

She has joined the ranks on the unknown shore, with her parents, two brothers, two sisters, her hus-

band, four children and two grandchildren, along with an innumerable caravan of friends, who have walked by her side in those ninety-four years.

There were many interesting men and women not mentioned through the chapters of her life story, whom she loved, and those for whom she felt richer for having known, even remotely.

Winsome, alert and keen, she observed and rejoiced in her last days, as she beheld the crowning glory of her country and home as she compared it with the wildness of the early days of "Phebe Ann."

Her story is a link binding history together; and even for others to compare, with what it has been, with what it is, and to speculate on what it may be in one hundred years hence. Will ninety-four years in the future, reproduce from the young life of today, another link to fill the gap of time and continue the chain of which "Phebe Ann" has formed the first link since the birth of Kosciusko County?

Grandmother Rockhill lived a continuous life around the soil where she was given birth. She had occasion for but little travel. Once in the early 70's, she, with her husband and three children, visited her brother, Robert, and family, at Lone Tree, Nebraska. On this visit, she again came into personal contact with native Indians who were still numerous in that district. They were from the Sioux tribe. At the period of time she was visiting, the Sioux were in a hostile mood toward a Pawnee tribe, and an Indian skirmish ensued, in which a number of the red skins were killed.

We have known none other than Grandmother Rockhill, whose lifetime has so completely covered the history of Kosciusko County and fully three-fifths of the history of the American Republic. She lived under twenty-three Presidents, from Van Buren to Hoover. In that time, seven amendments were added to the constitution. She witnessed the evils of slavery and saw its abolition. She felt the nation's gloom following the assassination of Presidents: Abraham Lincoln, James A. Garfield and William H. McKinley; also, knew the bitter cost of three wars.

She indulged in the privileges of

woman's suffrage, from the passing of the 19th Amendment, 1920.

Grandmother Rockhill suffered but very little illness, throughout her life-time. A fall, sustained when she was 82, fractured a limb. It was feared that she would never walk again, but the fracture readily responded to treatment. It knitted and healed with adept satisfaction, putting her back on her feet.

Neither disease, nor old age, ever caused her life and care to become a burden to others. Her daughter, Rose, throughout all her years, was a faithful companion to her mother.

By the window, or on the front porch of Grandmother Rockhill's last home—a corner dwelling, that faces Federal Road 30 and State Road 19, with the Pennsylvania Railroad paralleling the Federal Road on the south—she sat, observed and meditated on how development had been brought to bear upon the little sphere where she had spent more than nine decades of time.

What a transformation of transportation since she had seen the dusky oxen and covered wagons on the Oregon trail; and Dr. Fitch's covered buggy, the first vehicle of the kind ever to be seen in this neighborhood. Then came, the railroads with trains of lightning speed; and automobiles gliding through space connecting all the corners of the continent, over the endless miles of paved roads, which at their best, were nothing more than corduroy, for the early pioneer.

The winged airplanes were flying to and fro, the same as she had seen the birds in their flights, since childhood.

Through her life time had come most of the conveniences of the day—modern transportation, (railroads; automobiles and airplanes) telegraphy, the telephone, agricultural inventions, electrical devices, the graphophone and radio. She remembered the time when a stray newspaper of back date was a rare treat and would bring together a neighborhood to peruse the contents for enlightenment on the world's current events.

The mammoth forests and wild life had disappeared with the log cabins that had been replaced by

painted houses and the brick and stone. These had multiplied into villages.

There were many substantial and beautiful public buildings. At Warsaw, the county seat, was the newly erected postoffice, the splendid court house and a stone jail building. All monuments of praise for architectural construction. The county's first jail had been built of logs about fourteen inches square; the lower story was "double-thick," the upper, single. An only entrance to the lower part was through a trap-door in the floor of the upper story. Through it, prisoners were let down by a ladder, which was then pulled up and the door closed. This subsequently gave way to a brick structure and in turn to the substantial stone building of today. All marking steps through the progress of time.

The country is everywhere dotted with the best in churches and school buildings, and fitted in modern equipment where the best opportunities are denied to none. There are factories, and agricultural implements that have brought on a far different regime for labor since pioneer days. Swamp lands, once thought worthless have been found most valuable for two central and large industries—peppermint and onions. These are profitably grown in the muck soil, in the heart of the world's greatest market center for these products. Wheat, corn and all the grains are extensively raised. Fruit of every variety, in abundance. Stock raising, a valuable asset for the farmer.

Kosciusko and Marshall, the counties wherein she spent her

ninety-four years, are noted for their river, beautiful parks and lakes. It has been truthfully said of them, "they are the playgrounds of Indiana."

They are of the territory that won fame before they had been explored or named. For it was along the banks of the Tippecanoe, that Harrison fought and conquered the Indians, bringing about the slogan so loudly heralded "Tippecanoe and Harrison too."

Both counties are renown for their world-known institutions. Culver Military Academy, in Marshall County, on beautiful Lake Maxinkuckee, is an exemplary and practical school for discipline and knowledge, sought after by the nation's greatest statesmen, as a sound school that will fit their sons for strength in manhood.

Winona Lake, in Kosciusko County, with its summer schools, chatauqua programs, national conferences and the world's largest Bible conference. All these bring to our very doors, the best talent and attractions from the remotest sections of the world.

Etna Green, Grandmother Rock-hill's home town is a thriving agricultural center occupying a central location with regard to both counties. It is upheld by trustworthy citizens who give due honor to the many uplifting environments; and to the faithful pioneers who gallantly struggled through many hardships to achieve the model homes with which we are surrounded at the present time. In giving honor to these faithful ones, "Phebe Ann," the subject of this life-story, is largely entitled to a worthy share.

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